PUBLICATIONS

## MORE LIGHT ON PORT ARTHUR

ITS DISSIPATION AND DUPLICITY SHOWN IN THIRD AVENUE.

lise the Levely Young Female Spy Who Dressed Up as a Cossaek and Narrowly Escaped Undressing-She Was a Real Lady and Knew the Safest Pocket.

Up to the time of the Japanese attack on Port Arthur the population of that sadly tried community must have been pretty evenly divided between loyal, though more or less vodka saturated. Russians and spies of various nationalities and degrees of ability to say and do heroic things.

Down in the old Windsor Theatre, in the Powery, the other night a Yiddish playwright brought out a drama in which Port Arthur was shown as a place where Viceroy Alexieff got drunk in a naughty café and reeled from the arms of one spy to another. Last night, at the Third Avenue Theatre, another drama was exploded which gave Port Arthur a population of fourteen speaking parts" and ten supes. The speaking parts were evenly divided between cruel and drunken Russians on the one hand and spice of all nationalities on the other.

"The Lights of Port Arthur" was the play. If the second act was at all significant, it meant, even as the Yiddish playwright downtown suggested, that the lights were mostly red lights. It almost seemed as though Mr. Victor Brandon, the author accused by the programme of having made the play, had got most of his local color from an Allen street palette.

Capt. Retrenkoff, "of the Russian Bureau of Naval Intelligence," was a most soulsatisfying villain. The plot turns, not to say reels, about him. He had the Russian naval signals hidden in the well padded front of his tunic. Roger Clement, a young American engineer employed as a spy by the Japanese Government, was as handsomely and as resonantly virtuous as George F. Bartlett could make him. He got the papers. He also got the heart of Countess Aimée de Chateaunoir (Beatrice Vaughn) and together they fled to

Port Arthur. They went disguised as Cossacks. The Countess did not go as a lady Cossack. She went with boots and trousers on, and carried a gun, and hid her lovely blond hair under a woolly hat, All these things were explained in Act 1.

which was planted in a room in the St Petersburg palace of Gen Morgenthal, Governor-General of Port Arthur Russian soldiers came into the General's house looking for the spies. But the soldiers didn't stay long. Gen. Morgenthal's daughter Olga got after them. Scion of the aristocracy that she was, her feelings were outraged by their presence! She addressed them thus, in ordering them from her drawing room:

"Here, you; what you doing in here? G'wan! Git! Get out of here you! Git! Jump! Step lively!"

Jump: Step lively!"

They got, and Roger Clement, of whom the lady was enamored, had the first of his villain foiling escapes. A few minutes later Capt. Retzenkoff fired through a curtain behind which Clement was concealed, just to find if there was anybody there. The spy sidestepped, and scored escape number two. After that they came so fast that it would have broken down a calculating machine to keep track of them.

The cafe in Port Arthur, to which the action shifted in Act II., was owned by one Natalie. There were certainly some lovely

action shifted in Act II., was owned by one Natalie. There were certainly some lovely times in Natalie's place. It was a cross between Moll Reardon's and Pigeon Miller's. Cossacks, Chinamen, sailors from the Russian fleet and Japanese and Ergthe Russian fleet and Japanese and English and American spies pranced around with their arms around one another's necks and were as happy as kittens in a waste paper basket. Now and then somebody had to be reminded of a song (of course), and occasionally the plot would stick its gory head up behind the footlights. Capt. Kamara of the Japanese Navy dropped in with the information that Admiral Togo was waiting outside to hear from Clement before making his attack.

Clement wouldn't go. He had lost his Countess Aimée. He knew that she had been suspected, and he feared the wor-rst. Until he found out whether or not she was

Until he found out whether or not she was safe. Togo could go chase his own naval intelligence, or words to that effect, which were applauded with mighty roars of approval by the whole audience.

Somehow or other Aimée came saunter-

Somehow or other Aimée came sauntering in just then, her musket jauntily over her shoulder, and there was a lovely reunion between two spice, in the far corner of the restaurant. But they had lots of embarrassing difficulties. For instance, Clement, Aimée and a Sergeant of Cossacks, who are not the the puly level soldier. who seemed to be the only loyal soldier in all the Czar's dominions, were detailed to act as guard to Gen. Morgenthal, who d been warned by Gen. Alexieff to look

"You three," commanded Capt. Retsenkoff, "act as guard for the General! Take this man" [pointing to Aimée] "to the tar-racks; strap him; disguise him as a Corean

Peasant."

Aimée blushed. Clement announced, in most abandoned disregard of discipline, that his "comrade" was far too tired and the such as the that his "comrade" was far too tired and weary and footsore to undertake such special duty. The gallery expressed a desire to see the orders carried out at once. The situation was saved by a hurry call for Gen. Morgenthal which left no time for any change of clothing on the part of his guard.

Clement dragged Aimée to one side and handed to her duplicates of the Russian secrets, which were to be taken to Togo. Aimée proved then and there to the satisof the audience that she was a y. She leaned over, lifted the edge of her Cossack tunic and deposited the docu-ments in the top of one of her high boots. "That's the first place they'll look for em. Amy!" howled an acute and kindly meaning newsboy enthusiast from the gallery. But Aimee knew the plot, and the newsboy didn't, and she let the papers stay

bout the manly looking Aimée, asked ler father's permission later to test Aimée, tho seemed to her too ladylike for a real Cossack. The audience didn't take this kindly of Olga, and from that period in the plot the villain lady was hissed so that few, if any, of her words were audible. But she exposed Aimés by the dreadful expedient of snatching off her woolly Cossack can.

There was a fight then which would have done credit to Molly's any night in the week. The spy Kamara lugged Aimée of to a waiting launch in the harbor. She escaped. But Clement was caught, and the opinion of the audience was expounded by

scaped. But Clement was caught, and the ppinion of the audience was expounded by gentleman in the balcony, who howled:
"The patrol was on for yours, old man!"
The audience began to get a bit nervous. It was waiting for "the sinking of the Retrizan," which had been advertised to occur. they got it. They got it good. They got in the third act. A sailor with a lovely contralte voice and wonderfully filled out

contraite voice and wonderfully filled out ailor trowsy-wowsies was discovered tanding on the deck of the Retvizan just orward of the forward turret leading a umber of barytone sailors in singing a war hallad" called "Bluebell."

The obvious thing to say here is that he Japanese were perfectly justified in aking the attack in disregard of intersticulal law under the circumstances. But ational law under the circumstances. But wouldn't be true. If the sailor lady's nging (her name wasn't on the programme, ni she looked like a twin sister of Violet laley, who played Natalie, the landlady't ere the worst thing in the show, it wouldn't

been quite so glaringly apparent that Victor Brandon had never written a before in his life. y tefore in his life.

ositively the worst thing in the show,
in any show that was ever shown was
torpede boat which sank the Retvizan,
torpede boat arrived after Olga had

omised Clement, who was a prisoner the Retvizan thow did Olga get on the Ivizan? asks the author), that she would be him if he would only cease to hendy rds and love her. And Capt. Retreative of the statement o

while the spurned Olgs stood by and laughed in a low, mocking gurgle. Clement, over-come by the way the gallery hissed with wrath every time the knout descended, fainted.

"Lights on our port bow!" reported an
invisible lookout.

"What are they?" asked the Captain of the

"What are they?" asked the Captain of the ship.
"Torpedo boats, sir. They are showing our entering lights."
"Ha," said the ship's Captain, "the Vladivostok fleet. I'm glad they've come."
"Now, Mr. Jiero," shouted the blood curdling Retsenkoff, "this has given you a short respite. But you must and shall speak." He lifted the knout again.
"Torpedo boats acting strangely, sir!" reported the lookout. "They are not our boats! Their funnels are differently arranged! The Japs! The Japs!"
"Thank God!" cried Clement. "Togo has come. Aimés is safe!"
"All hands to quarters!" howled the Captain. "Man the guns! Commence firing!"
The torpedo boat entered. It was as big as a short park bench, and it was navigated, not to say manned, by Aimés and Kamara. It came by jerks in an awe inspiring aureole of red fire. A spy who had been confined on the Retvizan turned Clement loose. Clement was taken on the torpedo boat. Then all three of the passengers had to sit up so straight, because they were crowded in the cabin, that their heads towered a foot or more over the funnels of the torpedo boat.

There was some confusion owing to the

oat. There was some confusion owing to the

There was some confusion owing to the fact that spy No. 2, a Chinaman, wasn't able to get aboard at all and apparently escaped by clinging to the propeller blades. The Retvizan sank in a cloud of smoke. Only three of the twelve revolvers loaded for the battle went off, but nobody missed the other nine.

In Act IV., Clement, "sore wounded," with Aimée, Kamara and one or two other spies, wrecked on a desert island in Port Arthur Harbor, were tracked down by Retzenkoff, Olga and other villains. But Togo sent a boat and there was a last and most dreadful expenditure of blank cartridges. Not one missed fire this time.

The ending was not satisfactory altogether to some of the unprofessional critics. One portly matron remarked to her neighbor, going out, that the least they could have done, with so many young girls in

have done, with so many young girls in the house, was to have brought out a priest and have married the young feller to the girl before the curtain went down. Which only goes to show that nobody knows what playwright has to put up with.
There's lots of fun for lovers of the Third

Avenue drama in the Lights of Port Arthur," no matter whether their point of view be light or serious. Dead indeed is the soul of the newsboy or the bartender who can find no hatred stirred in his heart by the way in which Frank de Vernon and Mrs. Royal Kendal play the villain and villainess. PROOF TO THE MANAGER THAT WAR'S HELL.

PROOF TO THE MANAGER THAT WAR'S HELL.

Manager Manzer, of "The Lights of Port
Arthur," announced last night that war
was hell and his next play would be a pastoral comedy. Yesterday afternoon, in
the effort to make three behind the scenes
do duty as all of the guns of the Retvizan
he shot himself in the hand with a blank
cartridge. Last night, while trying to shoot
with the left hand, he shot himself in the
right eye and an ambulance surgeon from
Bellevue had to fix him up.

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At the first performance up in Connecticut the other day the leading man was stabbed in the arm so viciously that the steel went through the fiesh and into his side. There have been several other accidents that have drawn blood. The author so far has excepted in jury. so far has escaped injury.

#### CHILLY "MAN FROM CHINA," With a Good Song in It, "Fifty-seven Ways to Catch a Man."

"The Man from China" was produced at the Majestic Theatre last night before large and easily pleased audience. The book and lyrics of this singularly mediocre piece are by Paul West; the music, lively and noisy, by John W. Bratton. The chief theme of the plot, boldly related, is the wrong man acting as the right one and badly is this ancient and capital dramatic device util-

As a vehicle for the peculiarly intimate and dry humor of Charles A. Bigelow this one goes on three wheels. There are interminable processions, goings and comings, quite futile, and a plentiful lack of witty dialogue. Mr. Bigelow's entrance marked the first bright moment of Act I. He is a "human band," and he wears many instruments on his slim person.

Even here there are lost opportunities. for he might have played upon the squeal ing bagpipes after the manner of James Hoey, Esq.-the merry brother of the lamented Bill-instead of fingering a dummy accordion with his pleated touch.

However his entrance song is a rattling good one, and, with the Chinese lyric that ater followed, the act was not without in-

That is if you leave Stella Mayhew out. But the fates so decreed it last night that Stella Mayhew was to walk away with the first half of the show. And she did it so brilliantly well that instead of one she might have sung fifty-seven verses of her number. "Fifty-seven ways to catch a

She was a vaudeville favorite, and her transplantation to musical comedy on this occasion lent it dignity, indeed elevated it to the plane of genuine amusement. Her African cantata was comical in the extreme, as was her imitation of grand opera. Miss Mayhew is a real funny girl, and Marie Dressler, who was in a stage box, thought so and signified her approval by enthusiastic hand clapping.

After Mr. Bigelow and Miss Mayhew—the deluge! The entire company is on a dead-level of commonplace. The women sang in their throats, the men through their noses. There was a rather effective cake-She was a vaudeville favorite, and her

dead-level of commonplace. The women sang in their throats, the men through their noses. There was a rather effective cakewalk in the first act; but one ragtime doesn't make an opera. A young man with a happy smile and stiff legs thought he sang and danced in Act I., and so did his friends.

It was a dream! Amy Lesser, who was clever enough last season in "Hoch the Consui," had little to do, and there was a misht bird ballet that only evoked sad memories of the poppy ballet of several weeks ago.

However, this is the silly season, and as there are pretty girls of the "squab" variety and lots of merry making, "The Man from China" will probably delight those who wish to relax in the hot times to come. We confess that we were distinctly disappointed, for Mr. Bigelow deserves a better part and his efforts to make of Peter Pudge something, were quite heroic. omething, were quite heroic.

# JULIA MARLOWE WELCOMED.

This play was made from a novel, and as Mary Tudor Miss Marlowe made one of her biggest successes. Miss Marlowe appeared here last year in "The Cavalier" and has not played in this city since.

She was welcomed by a crowded house last night, for playgoers know that she may not appear again for several years as a lone star. Next season she becomes a co-star with E. H. Sothern under Charles Frohman's management. Tyrone Power is the actress's leading man now.

### THEATRES RENEW LICENSES.

Only One Small One Is Turned Down-Some Managers Watt Until Fall.

All the theatres that have not closed for the season had their licenses renewed yesterday by Police Commissioner McAdoo. with the single exception of the Olympic, a small concert hall at 129th street and

a small concert half at 129th street and Third avenue. In this case the license was refused.

No application was made for the renewal of the licenses for several theatres. They are the Madison Square, Bijou Garden, Irving Place, Weber & Fields. Corse Payton's Lee Avenue Theatre in Ercoklyn and the Amphion in Williamsburg. Most of these are closed for the summer and will get their permits in the fall, but two of them will probably never be reopened.

# OFFERS TO TEACHERS TO WED.

ONE HAS HAD THREE OFFERS IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS.

Abrogation of the Anti-Marriage Rule Exposes the Schoolma'ams to the Insistent Advances of Impecunious Men-Preventive Society Suggested.

A new phase of the marriage question among schoolteachers has presented itself. On Saturday last a pretty young schoolma'am from Brooklyn called on Supt. Maxwell and told of three proposals which she, had received within the last few weeks -or, in fact, since the rule prohibiting the teachers from marrying has been practically abolished by the Board of Education. "Dr. Maxwell," she said, "do you think t would be right for me to marry them?

more than they are of me." Something attracted the attention Dr. Maxwell in a passing street car at the moment and, leaning toward the window and looking into the street below, he absentmindedly said:

than I whether or not your salary is large enough to support three of them.

"Sir!" exclaimed the young teacher, with a look of resentment that made the superintendent pull himself together and think of what he had said. He was quick to grasp the situation and to apologize, after which both had a good laugh.

But the matter has, indeed, assumed a grave aspect to the average schoolteacher. Offers of marriage are said to have become not only frequent, but pressing. In the days when the Board of Education held to the by-law that has lately been upset, first by the Court of Appeals and subsequently by the board itself, the teachers were said to be under its protection. It was argued that they were not beset by impecunious men with offers of marriage, and that they were, consequently, better able to perform their duties. It is said now that the teachers are about to form a mutual protection society. It is to be mutual protection society. It is to be called the "Society for the Prevention of Impecunious Would-Be Husbands Imposing on Innocent Teachers."

Should it be necessary to form the society it is thought that one of the first acts of the organization would be to petition the Board of Education to establish a bureau to aid the teachers in looking up the lives and characters of the would-be husbands. It is feared that this would be opposed by Comptroller Grout—and then a strike would not be improbable.

not be improbable.

The plans as proposed by the promoters of the idea is to have each teacher, when she receives a proposal of marriage to first hand it over to the advisory board of the S. P. I. W. H. I. I. T. She may say to the man: "This is so sudden, George; give me three days in which to decide." The advisory board will give the case immediate attention, and all possible imposition will be avoided, even if a guarantee indemnity bond by the society should be necessary.

It is confidently expected that the impecunious ones will be so thoroughly frightened at the prospect of their history being entered upon the books of the society, for the edification and perusal of every schoolms am in the city, that fewer teachers will be placed in the embarrassing position occupied by the young woman position occupied by the young woman who called on Dr. Maxwell on Saturday last,

REALLY BRIGHT COMIC OPERA. A Tuneful and Pleasing Stage Effort Is "A Venetian Romance."

At last a comic opera of the good old sort has come to town, bringing fun and good music and fascinating dancing with it. A "comedy opera," the play bill calls this pleasing production, entitled "A Venetian Romance," and surely that is a welcome variation in a terminology worn into ruts by "musical play" and its several alternaives which a season has made familiar. By whatever name described, "A Vene

tian Romance" is a welcome contribution to New York's entertainment list, and if future audiences are as well pleased as that which last evening filled the Knickerbocker Theatre, the opera which Frank L. Perley has brought here will hold the Knickerbocker boards as long as the sum mer wants a show.

The piece has some very charming music and none of the music is bad and none reminiscent-which is a volume of praise. it is fresh, crisp and enlivening. The it is fresh, crisp and enlivening. The "Pretty Little Maiden, Cuckoo," sung by Harry Macdonough, the buffo of the plece, and chorus, captured the first night's audience. Few prettier airs have been offered in the light music of Broadway shows this season. Yet the song is not starred and placed alone, but is followed shortly in the same act by another agreeable lyric, "Ten Little Crows in a Field of Corn," and if the thief-music motive, around which the whole plot of the opera revolves, does not haunt the listeners' minds, it will be queer, indeed. This curious, furtive theme is as troublesome to Buffo Macdonough, Pietro Palpitini, manager of the Temple of Hymen, as the jingling of "The Bells" is to old Mathias, but it is much more diverting to the audience.

There is another song not by any means to be overlooked—the trio of the three stunning widows, "But Our Charms Do Not Stop Quite There." It were temerarious to say where those charms began, but it was not

where those charms began, but it was not below the ankle.

The costumes, of filmy things and splendid colors, are captivating. There is not only a lot of light, graceful dancing, but a modicum of rough and tumble dancing play.

And for the more substantial parts of the composition, the impresonators acquit

And for the more substantial parts of the composition the impersonators acquit themselves satisfactorily. The glaring fault of the actors and singers was careless and, at times, muffled, enunciation.

Besides Mr. Macdonough, Joseph Miron, Neil McNeil, Mabel Hite, Ethel Intropodi and Harry Short did most successfully what they had to do. The plot? There is plenty of it, but it oughtn't to be told. The music is by Frederic Cortwright, the book by Mrs. Corpelia Osgood Tyler. Mrs. Cornelia Osgood Tyler

#### TANK MELODRAMA. With Really Wet Heroes and a Fearful

Villainess at the Academy.

"Two Little Sailor Boys" produced at the Academy of Music last night, for the She is Playing "When Knightheod Was in Flower" at the Empire.

Julia Marlowe appeared at the Empire last night in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," her play of two seasons ago. This play was made from a noval and as time in this country, is a "tank" drama on a scale seldom seen by Academy patrons. There is a real tank and the two boys, somehow, get into it and actually get their clothes so wet that they have to change. After that the transition into sailor boys is natural.

The story of the clothes are tank on a scale seldom seen by Academy patrons. There is a real tank and the two boys, somehow, get into it and actually get their clothes so wet that they have to change. After that the transition into sailor boys is natural. first time in this country, is a "tank" drama

is natural.

The story of the play is exceedingly complex, but one could see first that there is an Admiral. Being old, he, of course, marries a young wife and she has a past. The minute she spoke the gallery was dead on to her.

After that it was enough to guess that

After that it was enough to guess that she would try to prevent the marriage of her stepdaughter Milly to Capt. Noel Tregarthen. R. A., and to ruin the young man by saying that he had insulted her. As if any one could insult her! The gallery hissed like anything.

In time she got her deserts. In spite of the little tramp Tom's assistance (Tom was her own abandoned child, of course), the comic Scotland Yard detective marches her off on the charge of murder, which she

the comic Scotland Yard detective marches her off on the charge of murder, which she really committed with a glittering dagger in plain sight of the whole Academy of Music. As she marches off, virtually to the gallows, she laughs a fiendish laugh, but her late husband, the Admiral, benignly blesses his daughter and the young herole cantain.

captain.

There is dancing also, and there are jokes and a cakewalk. Dan Collyer as the funny Scotland Yard sleuth, Lizzie Evans as Lucy, the parlor maid, and the sailor boys themselves were long and generously ap-plauded, while Ethel Brandon as Lels

Grey, the Admiral's villainous wife, was hissed dreadfully.

The play is running in England, and the management expects an indefinite run here.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The destruction of one of the old resiences in University place, which began the other day, leaves the old Auchmuty house, at the corner of Twelfth street, as the last of the noted homes which were at one time so numerous in that short street. None of them was larger or more imposing than this old house, which covers more ground than most of the newer residences, although it was built many years ago, when such large homes were not common here. At one time some of the houses in University place belonged to the wealthiest residents of the city. There stood, until only a few years ago, the old Aspinwall, Renwick and Lorillard residences among others that sheltered well known New York families.

When the late afternoon crowd was pouring out of the office buildings and filling up the pavements on lower Broadway yesterday, a man carrying a sheet of glass They are all more or less impecunious, and about two feet by six on his shoulder did feel sure they are thinking of my salary a dodging and balancing act with it which would have done credit to a professional juggler. Gliding in and out among the pedestrians without so much as touching a coat or rubbing a shoulder, he swung out into the roadway at Canal street to

out into the roadway at Canal street to cross Broadway.

About the middle of the street he slipped. Before he regained his equilibrium he was on his knees, had sat down on the track and lost his hat. The sheet of glass swung around and the cop at the crossing yelled "Look out! There she goes!"

The man stuck to the glass, and, although he rolled over on his back, the sheet never touched the cobbles. A boy got the hat, and the man started once more.

Clang! sounded a car gong, by way of

and the man started once more.

Clang! sounded a car gong, by way of reminder to hustle, and the man stopped between the tracks, and with the cars going up and down Broadway, rested the glass on end and waited. When the cop blew his whistle, he bent under the sheet again and went on his way.

"Just dumb luck!" said one onlooker.

Signor Giraldone, who is to come to this country to take the place of Signor Cam panari in the Conried Opera Company s a young Italian barytone who has made a name for himself during the few years that he has been on the stage. He created the part of Scarpia when "Tosoa" was sung first in kome, and has won great renown in South America, the happy hunting ground of Italian singers.

M. Plançon's engagement was delayed until the day before he sailed because Mr. Conried had expected—vainly as it turned out—to bring to New York another Italian singer who made some appearances

Italian singer who made some appearances here eight years ago without great success. This was Signor Vittorio Arimondi, who sang at the Metropolitan when a great effort was made, with Mme. Melba and Sigeffort was made, with Mme. Meloa and Sig-nor Tamagno, to revive the interest in Italian opera under Abbey & Grau. For one reason or another, Signor Arimondi made no great impression here although he is famous in Europe as the greatest Italian basso of the day.

Sunday was regarded by the proprietors of the fashionable restaurants as the last night of the season on which there will be any crowd for them. The season, in their opinion is over, and it was gratifying their opinion is over, and it was gratifying for that reason to have the attendance large. Few of the popular restaurants knew at any time this year larger gatherings than they entertained on last Sunday. Unless unusually cold weather intervenes, the tastes of Sunday night diners will turn in the future toward some resorts more distinctly summerlike than the restaurants in which they have been all winter. The opening of the balconies will bring some of the diners back, but, by that time, the season is too far advanced for crowds to be expected.

The closing of Solari's is not accompanied by one feature that has frequently delighted the hearts of persons who were anxious to accumulate a wine cellar at no great to accumulate a wine cellar at no great cost. When Sieghortner, who for years had a restaurant in Lafayette place famous for its wines, and Heim, the last of the noted German restaurant keepers, sold out their cellars, rare vintages went at prices which delighted those present and able to enjoy the bargains, but filled others less fortunate with dismay when they learned of the opportunities they had lost.

The wines in other sales of restaurant effects have gone for equally small prices. Joseph Solari, who is going to live on a farm he has bought in California, took the recent of the cavoid any such slaughter.

farm he has bought in California, took the precaution to avoid any such slaughter of the contents of his cellars. He sent word to his customers, many of whom he had not seen in years, notifying them of his intention to sell his wines and asking what they would care for. By this means he sold out the entire cellar except the bottles he preserved for his own use.

#### W. U. MAN ON GRAND JURY.

No Talk of Indictments for Transm of Ruce News by Wire.

Banker Allen S. Apgar is foreman of the May Grand Jury, which was swern in yesterday by Judge McMahon in the General

Thomas F. Clark, vice-president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, is one of the jurors.

District Attorney Jerome, who is interested in the moral aspect of the trans-

terested in the moral aspect of the trans-mission of race news to poolrooms, said yesterday that he had known Mr. Clark for a long time and liked him. If any mem-ber of the Grand Jury knew of any viola-tion of the law, he said, the law points out what he should do.

The law says that any Grand Juror who

knows that the law is being violated should bring the matter to the Grand Jury's at-William G. Rockefeller and Cyrus L. Sulzberger were on the Grand Jury panel but were not drawn as Grand Jurors.

#### STROLL, FIRST LAP. Fashionable Audience at the Strellers' First Night.

Many society folk attended last night he opening night of the week's stroll of the Strollers. In the audience that filled the small theatre in the Madison avenue clubmain theatre in the Madison avenue club-house were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Orme Wilson, Col. and Mrs. William Jay, Mr. and Mrs. George Gould and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gould. Police Commissioner McAdoo and Deputy Commissioner Lindsley also attended the performance.

Act I. of "Tit for Tat" Made Over. The first act of "Tit for Tat," at the Savoy, the comedy in which Elizabeth Tyree the star, has been altered and much improved. When the play was produced here a week ago this act was declared to be the one weak spot of the show. Lee Ditrichstein, who adapted the play from the French, has cut out the screnade scene and substituted one for the two lovers.

Voyagers by the North German Lloyd steamship Wilhelm, which sails to-day for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen:

Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen:

Mrs. Vanderbilt, Miss Vanderbilt, Mr. and
Mrs. Elisha Whittlesey, Mrs. W. Rhinelander
Stewart, E. G. Veith, Mr. and Mrs. Gustav
Luders, the Baron and Baronese H. von
Ohnesorge, Mr. and Mrs. John E. McGowar,
Mr. and Mrs. Aifred Gothard Martin, Mrs.
James B. Leary, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Mellen,
Houry W. Savage, Melville Stern, Thatcher
M. Adams, Gwynne M. Andrews, Sir Rudolph
Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Appleton, Nathan Clifford Brown, Mrs. George C. Colburn,
W. H. Corbin, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Fleischmann, Paul Conkling, Mr. and Mrs. Edinund
Bonn, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. French, Mr. and Mrs.
Walter V. Bishop, Gen. and Mrs. Edinund
Hayes, John F. Talmage, Mr. and Mrs.
Charleton, Howes, Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot S.
Haskell, Mr. and Mrs. Sunner R. Holfander,
Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Stadler and Mr.
and Mrs. George A. von Lingen.

Blar che Ring, the actress, was among the

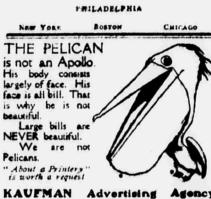
Blarche Ring, the actress, was among the passengers arriving on the Atlantic Transport liner Minnetonka from London yesterday. Another passenger was Mrs. J. H. Hunter, known on the stage as Dorothy

# The advertiser

can cover a part of the same field by advertising in several "cheap" publications, but he can thoroughly cover the whole field only by advertising in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. By the first course he will pay for a duplication and a reduplication of an appeal to deaf or indifferent ears; by the latter course he will secure a personal introduction to those he wishes to reach—an introduction by an old, tried and trusted

There are methods of advertising which can be proved successful with mathematical precision. Choose the medium that appeals most effectively to the largest number of those you wish to reach. Advertise in it judiciously and persistently. The result is always the same-success and satisfaction. Six dollars a line for space in THE LADIES HOME TOURNAL columns is cheap because it pays.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA



377-379 Broadway The KAUFMAN PRESS Prints in a distinguished manner BISHOP JADES ON VIEW.

Pelicans.

300 Persons at Their Exhibition in th Metropolitan Museum. After two weeks of spring house cleaning the Metropolitan Museum of Art was opened

the Metropolitan Museum of Art was opened yesterday with a reception to the friends of the institution. Admission was by card and about 300 attended.

The notable collection of jades which the late Heber R. Bishop presented to the museum a short time before his death was the attractive feature of the opening. In accordance with Mr. Bishop's wishes the collection has been arranged exactly as it was shown in his own ballroom. The jade room, in the northeast corner of the new Fifth avenue wing, is a reproduction of the ballroom in the Bishop home. Among those who viewed the exhibition

were Merchishop Farley. Mrs. Heber R. Bishop and Miss Bishop, Mrs. Sarah Cooper Hewitt, Mrs. Eric B. Dahlgren, Mrs. Henry C. Potter, District Attorney Jerome, Rear Admiral Henry Erben, George Bird Grinnell, Senator Elsberg, William Dean Howells, Gen. Farnum, Col. Asa Bird Gardiner, Capt. Edwin W. Dayton, Mrs. Amelia B. Lazarus, Col. John Schuyler Crosby and James Rufus Smith.

Smith.

T. W. Rhinelander, president of the museum, and Trustees William L. Andrews, George A. Hearn, John S. Kennedy, John Crosby Brown and John Bigelow were warmly congratulated upon the accession to the museum of so noteworthy a collection.

The Bishop jades are the most valuable The Bishop jades are the most valuable and complete collection in the world, experts have declared, and the expressions of delight as the guests passed through the room were numerous. Chinese specimens, many from the Imperial Palace at Pekin; jades of Burmah, India, Alaska, Europe, New Zealand and North America are in the collection, which numbers in all 1,100 pages.

Before one case almost every one paused A sceptre from the Chinese Imperial Palace.
A sceptre from the Chinese Imperial Palace.
carved out of a single piece of nephrite,
was pronounced the gem of the collection.
The museum will be open to the public

#### from to-day. J. M. STROEBEL A SUICIDE. Man Supposed to Be Wealthy Kills Himself by Inhaling Gas.

J. M. Stroebel, a dealer in mait and hops, was found dead in his bed at 56 West Eighty-fifth street yesterday morning. He had committed suicide by placing a tube, extending from an open gas burner into his mouth and then lying down fully dressed,

mouth and their lying down ruly dressed, to await death.

Stroebel was 45 years old and had an office in the Kemble building in Whitehall street. Alfred Maurice, with whom he boarded, says that Stroebel seemed in good spirits when he retired on Sunday night, and that there was no apparent cause for his suicide. there was no apparent cause for his suicide From the fact that Stroebel had preserved newspapers containing the news of the failure and disappearance of Dr. W. E Woodend, the broker, a report was cir-culated that Stroebel had lost heavily in speculations entrusted to Woodend, but his friends declare that they have no knowledge of such losses.
Stroebel was considered a wealthy man

Sick Children Sent to the Country. The annual summer exodus of tenement children to the country began yesterday, when ten little convalescent patients from when ten little convalescent patients from Bellevue were sent with a nurse to Rhine-beck, N. Y. They will stay there two weeks, and others will follow them. The expen-ses of the children are paid from a fund to which some of the contributors are Levi P. Morton, Miss Margaret Chanler and Miss Ruth Morgan.



MARY JOHNSTON'S great new novel

# Mortimer

PUBLICATIONS.

"She has written the finest romance of Spanish gold and English honor since 'Westward Ho!'"-Reader. "The witchery of romance pervades its scenes, and once in the grasp of the story the reader will be swept along the current to

the end." -- Chicago Chronicle. "May be classed among the gems of modern novels."

-Birmingham News.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

NEW YORK CITY

**AMUSEMENTS** 

EMPIRE THEATRE, 40th St., B'way.
For a Limited Number of Performances
JULIA WHEN KNIGHTHOOD MARLOWE WAS IN FLOWER CRITERION THEATRE, 44th St. & B'way.
Evgs. 820. Mats. Wed. & Sat
WILLIAM Davis Farce.
Davis Farce. COLLIER THE DICTATOR GARRICK THEATRE, 88th St. & B'WAY.

LAST 7 TIMES IN NEW YORK.

ELEANOR IN MERELY ROBSON MARY ANN SAVOY THEATRE, 3(th St. & B'way, Evgs. 8:10. Mat. Wed. & Set. TYREE With LEO DITRICHSTEIN. NEW LYCEUM. B'way & 5th St. At 8:20. MATINELS THURSDAY & SAT. 2.

THE OTHER GIRL DALY'S Way & Soth St. THE CROWN PRINCE.

THIS WEEK ONLY. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ANNUAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT ANNUAL MILITARY ATHLETIC LEAGUE.
TO-NIGHT Review by Lieut. Genl. ADNA
R. CHAFFEE of U. S. Troops.
Saliors and Marine Corps. 48 Highlanders, Canadian
Mittia, National Guard and Naval Militia, Col.
Wm. G. Batos, 71st Begt., N. G. N. Y., Commanding; Drill by 48 Highlanders, Music Ride, Troop
"C." N. G. N. Y.: Shelter Tent and Music Drill,
Sth U. S. Infantry: Gathing Gun Drill, 2d Battery,
N. G. N. Y.: Rough Riding, 15th U. S. Cavalry;
Wall Scaling and Extended Order Drill, 12th Regt.,
N. G. N. Y.: Exhibition Signal Corps, N. G. N. Y.;
4th Battery, U. S. Field Artillery Drill.
Athletics Adm. 50c., \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00.
7:15. Matinees To-morrow and Saturday.

PROCTOR'S To-day, 25c., 50c. To-night, Res. 75c. 23d St. Matthews Ashley, Joseph Lactte & Co., Harry La Rose & Co., 20 other acts. 5th Ave. "LOVE ON CRUTCHES." 58th St. | RALPH STUART OF SWORD 125th St. "ROSE O' PLYMOUTH TOWN.
Adelaide Keim's Reappearance.

KNICKERSOC KER THEATRE, B'WAY & SIL A REAL SPRING TIME HIT. TANA VENETIAN ROMANCE

WHAT ARE ME RIGHTS? SAYS HE. An undersized Irishman smoking a short clay pipe walked into the West Forty seventh street station last night with a complaint and a cargo of wet goods. "What are me rights as a citizen of the

United States of America?" he asked Sergt. Hosey. "Can't I order a policeman around? A few minutes ago I asked a copper up at Fifty-seventh street to do something for me and he hit me on a soft spot with a club. What are me rights?"

"What did you want the policeman to do?"

inquired the sergeant.

I've forgotten," said the complainant,
"but I know he wouldn't do it for me." Then he took the pipe from his mouth and spat on the floor.

"You're violating the law," said the ser-

G'wan," said the Irishman, "ver kiddin' "Gwan," said the Irishman, "yer kiddin"."
He was locked up for violating the Health
Board ordinance prohibiting spitting in
public places. He said that he was John
Sullivan and that his home was in the North

JOE IS JOSEPHINE AGAIN. Taken Home to Newark in a Pinafore and Floppy Hat, to Be Talked To.

Josephine Beck, who "played boy" and leceived expert boy rulers and guardians for two weeks was marched back to for two weeks was marched back to Newark yesterday, dressed in a distasteful red dress, white pinafore apron and big, floppy hat. "Joe's" mother refused to allow her to talk. She said she intended to take the girl home, give her a good talk-ing to and make her understand the enor-mity of her waywardness "Joe" held her head high and shook it defaults. mity of her waywardness "Joe head high and shook it defiantly.



Ever have pains in foot and legfeel as tho' walking on your heels? Means "arch" of foot is going. Coward arch-supporting shoes relieve immediately, permanently.

Made with a very heavy sole just below a high arch and strengthened by inserted steel plate. Gives just right support where most wanted.

For Women and Men.

SOLD NOWHERE ELSE. JAMES S COWARD, 268-274 Greenwich St., near Warren St., N. Z. Mail Orders Pilled.

MARCONIGRAM Special Souvenir Edition Beautifully lilustrated, including life size per-rait of Marconi (sultable for framing), acrd by nail on receipt of 10 cents. Most important recent outribution to the literature of wireless telegraph?

MUNROE & MUNROE, Publishers, 25 Broad Street, New York. SUMMER READING—Old timers. Classics French Translations, any book wanted. Open nights. PRATT, 161 6th av.

AMUSEMENTS.

LYRIC 42d Street West of Broadway, Only Matines Saturday, File De WOLF HOPPER "WANG" PRINCESS Eves. 8:16. Mats. Thurs. & Set. PIFF, PAFF, POUF.

BROADWAY THEATRE, diet St. & B'Way. RAYMOND HITCHCOCK YANKEE CONSUL SUNDAY (8) ACTORS' FUND SEATY, VAUDEVILLE BENEFIT

NEW AMSTERDAM wast of B way. Curtain at 8:16.
LAST 2 WEEKS THE TWO ORPHARS NEW YORK B'way, 44th & 46th, Eve.
Priors 60-78-1.00-1.00
For Three WIZARD of OZ
Weeks Only.
Mats.Wed. & Sat. | MONTGOMERY & STONE

WEST END THEATRE,
TO-NIGHT—"SOLDIERS OF FORTUNES!
NEXT WEEK—FAREWELL OF
WEBER & FIELDS and ALL STAR CO.
including Louis Mann, Chas. J. Ross, John T. Esfly,
Peter F. Dalley, Lillian Russell & Mabel Fenton is
Whoop-Dee-Doo & Burlesque of "CATHERINE."
Mais. Wednesday & Saturday. Seals Ready. WALLACK'S B'way & 30th St. Byg 530 COUNTY Henry W. Savege affects CHAIRMAN. "Function T B's CHAIRMAN." Tunniest Plus in Town."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 14th St. & Irving Pl. Two Little Sailor Boys. A Stupendous Melodramatic Production. Prices 25-50-75-1.00. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2. Evg. ens. MAJESTIC Evg. 8. Mats. Wed. & Set. 2

BIGELOW H MAN FROM CHIAL Broadway and coth St.

LADIES' MAT. DAILY.

McINTYRE & HEATH.

Merian's Dog Pantomime, Ed. F. Reynard.

The Milani Trio, Moore & Littlefield, etc.

MURRAY HILL. Lex. av., 42d st. Evgs., 25c., 35c., 50c. Henry V. Donnelly Stock Co. PRINCE OTTO. By Robert Louis, Stevenson. POPERA HOUSE In "THE PIT." A Sat. 2:16. Mattace To-morrow

PASTOR'S 14th St. neer 5d Ave. CONTINUOUS. HOWARD & BLAND, MUSICAL BENNETTS, WESTON & RAYMOND, KATHERINE NELSON.

GRAND BERTHA GALLAND DO BOTH BENTH HALL 14th St. Theatre near 6th Av. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Nigats, 8:30. 25c. to \$1.00. No Higher. THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST. AMERICAN 42d St. & 8th Av. Eve. 820. NAT. M. WILLS ASPIRENT. BELASCO, THEATRE. Evc. 8. Mat. Sat. CROSMAN in DAVID BELLASCO'S New play.

CROSMAN SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS.

Hammerstein's 25-50-75-\$1. Daily Mats. 25. 50. ICTORIA Thea. George Primrose, Emma Of Varieties. Carus. Jess Dandy, Marval-42 St. B'way, 7av Ous Flying Potters, Others. EDEN WORLD IN WAX. New Groups
CINEMATO GRAPH.
Extra Attractions. Magic Rettle STAR THE SMART SET. HOGAN

3 RD AVE. Next | THE SIGNAL LIGHTS OF PORT ARTHUE. INSTRUCTION.

Business Colleges. BUSINESS & BOOK KEEPING SHORTHAND BOY and Eveniby. No Vacations. Send for Circular. MILLER Employment Dept.
Send for Circular.
"AN OLD SCHOOL AND SCHOOL
1122-1135 BROADWAY, Cor. 26th St., N. Z.

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH taught, International Language Phone Method, 1182 Metropolitics, B'way & 16th Street, N. Y. Miscellaneous.

Schools of Languages.

Kindergarten Training classes new formation of the Course Supe, 48 Irving PL.R. 2. DANCING ACADEMIES.

HARVARD ACADEMY, ED. J. FINNEGAN, DIRECTOR.
The leading dancing academy of all New Accessible, attractive, spacious, popular aways the best patronized. Extensive alternal improvements have just been comgreatly enlarging the floor space and inor the comfort and convenience of our pupils.
Glide and half-time waltzes taught.

MISS McCABE'S Dancing School, 112, 114 & 116 West 18th S 3 doors west of 6th Av. L station. Private and class lessons daily. Open all summ

LECTURES.

MR. JOHN BRISBEN WALKER will deliver an address

THE PUTURE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY at the Cooper Union
On Tuesday, May 2rd, 1904,
at Eight o'clock.
Seats free—There will be no platform for